

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. II.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF A
YOUNG BACKWOODSMAN.
THE LOVERS' POLITICAL RACE,
OR,
A KENTUCKY ELECTION.

SO ME years have rolled away, since there flourished in all the heyday of youth, in one of the northern counties of that land of chivalry and enthusiasm,—the state of Kentucky, a blooming young damsel, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Summerfield. At this distant period, I hope to be excused from any attempt at a particular description of my fair heroine's person. My recollection only enables me to state, that she was rather more admired for the elegance and gracefulness of her person, than for the beauty of her face. She was gifted with a sprightly mind, which had been well improved at the village Boarding School, where she imbibed a passion for reading novels, the gratification of which obtained for her the appellation of the 'romantic girl.' She had indeed some eccentricities, and many "winning ways" about her, being enthusiastic, gay, and peculiarly fascinating in conversation; and were confidence to be placed in tea-table chat, we might consider her as not altogether free from a little spice of coquetry. Besides these attractions she was in possession of a splendid fortune in cash, lands and negroes; her parents (much to the gratification, I fear, of some of her lovers,) being both deceased. Among the bevy of ardent admirers who "danced attendance" upon Miss Elizabeth, and sighed perhaps more for money than love, there were two who seemed particularly distinguished as her favorites, and it was whispered that she herself, was puzzled to decide on which to bestow her hand.

One of these candidates for Miss Summerfield's affections, was Mr. Lawrence Leatherwood, a plain, blunt, linsey-woolsey, Kentuckian, who had been from infancy the associate and friend of the fair heiress. He was the son of a highly respectable farmer, and had endeared himself to the whole neighbourhood by his unaffected manners, his manly deportment, and the unwavering correctness of his principles. During the late war, altho' quite young, he had com-

mended a company of volunteers on a campaign to the north west, and had seen "some service." He returned beloved by his companions in arms, & worthy the distinguished appellation of a *gallant backwoodsman*. His opponent, Mr. Jonathan Nutmeg was a native of that section of our country, equally celebrated for its witches and its heroes,—its intelligence and enterprize,—its blue lights, Hartford Conventions, and wooden bowls. Mr. Nutmeg, or as he was more commonly called, Squire Nutmeg, (in consequence of having once acted as clerk for a Justice of the peace) had long been stigmatized by all the members of the "single sisterhood" as a cold blooded and incorrigible bachelor. His person was but indifferently modelled for the successful exhibition of the graces; nor were the features of his face so justly formed as not to be in "good keeping" with the long and loosely jointed limbs of his body. Of the *bumps* upon his head but little is known. Unfortunately for the world, he lived before Phrenology had made its way into these western wilds. The Squire, without the least particle of pride, was certainly somewhat eccentric in the manner of his dress. He was most uniformly clad in a green broad cloth coat, ornamented with double rows of horn buttons, and a black velvet collar;—white dimity pantaloons, and a red cassimere waist-coat, richly ornamented in the good old style of Queen Anne. In Windham, his native village, he had for the last 10 years acted as clerk in a grocery store, and was quite notorious among the neighboring market women, as a spruce managing youngster, who, in driving a bargain was deemed one of the *keenest bites* in all the country. The time at length arrived, when the Squire after many deep cogitations, resolved to travel Westward and "set up for himself." He accordingly purchased a four wheeled peddler's cart and a span of dapple grey filleys —invested the remainder of his fortune, amounting to twenty dollars, in divers little *yankee notions*; and after the lapse of two months, replete with *appalling adventures* and *thrifty bargains*, he arrived in safety at the flourishing village of Maysville, where he had been advised to commence business. Here he had not tarried many weeks, before he learned to his utter astonishment, that New England peddlars were not held in the

"best possible repute." He therefore sold his little wagon and his dapple grey filleys, and with that peculiar and ready adaptation of opinion and conduct to existing circumstances, which so eminently distinguishes the New England intinerant. Squire Nutmeg soon became a boisterous Kentuckian, so far as talking politics and cursing yankee peddlars could make him: indeed he never afterwards heard these *travelling merchants* spoken of, without drawing askance his aquiline nose, and exclaiming with the genuine nasal twang, 'Good Heaven preserve us from all *New England indigo*, and *wood-en clocks*.'

After a time the Squire bade adieu to Maysville, with a determination to push his fortunes in Washington, the county seat of Mason. Having travelled without adventure over the four miles which separate these villages, revolving in his mind some schemes for advancement in wealth and fame, he was suddenly delighted with a "notion" which, apparition like, came plump in his way,—of following the trade of a *lawyer and politician*. His determination was soon taken, and early next morning, he waited on the principal school-master of the village and proposed to act as assistant teacher,—exhibiting at the same time, certificates, to prove that he could teach the art of *spelling* as far as "crucifix"—write a good round running hand and *twig* the little boys in the best New England fashion. Arrangements were soon made, by which the Squire bound himself, under the penalty of twenty bushels of onions, to give his assistance for six months in the line of plying the birch, upon the condition, that his principal should borrow for his perusal all the law books in the library of a neighbouring Justice of the Peace, which consisted of two volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries, and Littell's Laws of Kentucky.

When the half year had expired, the Squire exhibited certificates of moral deportment, signed by his pupils,—was examined by the court,—licensed to practice the Law, and in the ensuing number of the "Washington Union," announced himself as a regular bred Attorney and Conseller at Law.

At this period he obtained an introduction to the Belle of the county, Miss Elizabeth Summerfield,—presenting himself be-

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fore her in the attitude of a lawyer, a lover, and politician; and with very considerable tact, played alternately these several characters. 'Twas believed however, that all this would prove unavailing. Common fame said that Capt. Leatherwood and Miss Elizabeth were betrothed. But alas! for our young Captain, Miss Summerfield's bosom throbbed not with that ardency of passion, which reckless of consequences, blindly and with an "undefined controul" clings to its object: hers was of a different kind: unlike those little delicate flowers which pine and decay if removed from the congenial spot which first gave them existence, her love yielded to the suggestions of deliberate calculation, and altho' transplanted an hundred times, would cling with equal fervency to every new object, and flourish and bloom alike in every soil. She had long lived in a region of romance, and her hobby (if ladies ever ride hobbies) was the desire of being the wife of a distinguished man. On this point, ambition had almost maddened her brain; but unlike Lady Macbeth, Miss Summerfield relied for the accomplishment of her wishes more upon the arrow of Master Cupid, than the bloody dagger of the assassin. The squire, regardless of the reported engagement between Capt. Leatherwood and the fair Elizabeth, prosecuted his suit with tireless energy,

"And all the witchcraft of ensnaring love," was ever and anon endeavoring to captivate her affections by little "undefinable assiduities," and at one interview, fancied he had crowned his labours with success, by presenting an Elegy on the death of her pet mouse, the whole of which he *guessed* he had written in the short space of one week, altho' it contained upwards of four ambling stanzas. This *muscipulous* method of making love, was followed by a written proposition from Mr. Nutmeg, that the aunt of Miss Elizabeth, should use authority with her niece in behalf of his suit, he offering as an inducement to the old lady, to communicate the invaluable secret (known only to yankees) of converting *old* feathers into *new* ones. This ingenious plan of carrying by dint of authority, the citadel of a lady's heart, was, however, rejected by the aunt with some feelings of contempt, both for the lover and his *feathery* transmutation.

Thus, months glided along, each lover apparently confident of success, and the lady quite undetermined upon which to repose her aspiring hopes, until Capt. Leatherwood and Squire Nutmeg were both announced by their friends as opposing candidates for the Legislature. They were now presented to the ambitious Miss Elizabeth in a new light, and as but one could succeed to that dignified station, she wisely resolved to marry the successful candidate, being delighted with the idea of becoming the wife of a

member of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Her resolution was secretly communicated to the rivals, who were well pleased with the decision,—each feeling confident of a successful canvass for the office. The uncle of Miss Summerfield, anxious that she should "marry and be settled," readily assented to this singular whim of his *crazy niece*, as he was wont to call her, and agreed that the wedding should take place on the evening of the last day of the election, at which time the successful candidate should present himself with his attendants, at the old gentleman's residence, where the friends of the bride, and that important person on all such occasions, the village clergyman, were to be assembled.

The annual election in Kentucky continues for three days, and always excites great interest among the impulsive people of that State. This was one of peculiar interest, in consequence of some political questions which agitated the community. Early on the morning of its commencement, the streets of Washington were crowded with the yeomanry from all parts of the county.* About 9 o'clock, Squire Nutmeg, who had been for several days on an electioneering tour among the farmers, made his appearance with his green coat, red jacket, and white dimity pantaloons, in unusual order and nicety. In the exuberance of his patriotism, he had tastefully adorned his hat with a leather cockade and a tuft of goose quills, besmeared with the juice of poke berries and fashioned after the form of a plume. The little dun colored mare on which he rode, ambled briskly along, preceded by a pair of clumsy switch tail plow horses, carrying a couple of jolly fellows, one of whom was playing yankee doodle upon an old violin, and the other waving high in air a "gallant streamer," which the Squire's ingenuity had formed by tying his pocket handkerchief to the end of a hoop-pole. In the rear there was a considerable cavalcade of whites and blacks, both old and young, wending their way to the scene of action, and making the welkin ring with obstreperous acclamations in favor of their candidate. The Squire having dismounted, entered the court house yard, which was already crowded with noisy politicians, sturdy farmers, drunkards, huxter-women, whiskey stalls, faro-tables and sweet cakes. His presence attracted some attention, and commanded a momentary silence. He seized the auspicious moment, and mounted a huxter-woman's cart, for the purpose of complying with the custom of the country by making his final "stump speech." Posterity will

long lament that this unique and precious morceau of laboured eloquence has not been preserved for their admiration. But they must be content with learning, that it was full of pith and "notions,"—commendatory of "morals" and the speaker, and condemnatory of "sabbath breaking" and "yankee pedlars."

As he leaped from his rostrum, shouts for his 'long life & success' resounded throughout the motley throng. At this moment Capt. Leatherwood, followed by a great concourse of partizans, with drums beating and colors flying, entered the village and mingled with the crowd. The Judges of the Election now took their seats on a platform at the court-house door, and the polls were opened by the Sheriff of the county. At 12 o'clock curiosity was gratified by their announcing as is customary, the state of the votes, from which the Squire learnt the alarming fact, that his opponent was considerably in advance. His exertions during the afternoon were consequently redoubled;—he was constantly on the alert,—shook hands with all who would permit him, and towards night gave an unexpected manifestation of liberality, by purchasing four gallons of new cider and as many dozens of gingerbread to be distributed among the crowd. At sunset the poll books were closed for the day. Upon examination it appeared that the cider and gingerbread had produced the desired effect. Squire Nutmeg was more than fifty votes ahead of his opponent.

On the succeeding morning the village was again thronged with the multitude;—the day passed by without any material occurrence, and at night the Squire upon finding himself still ahead of Capt. Leatherwood, dispatched a messenger to Miss Summerfield with assurances of his certain success.

The last day of a Kentucky Election is usually one of deep interest to all classes. It is then that the candidates and their hot-headed partizans make their mightiest efforts at electioneering,—the votaries of chance play their deepest games,—the sons of Bacchus quaff their strongest libations, and Pugilism holds her bloodiest tournaments; whilst broken pates, black eyes and bloody noses bear testimony to the address of some oily tongued demagogue.

In this instance, at an earlier hour than usual, an agitated and more numerous assembly than had been witnessed for years before, was to be seen around the hall of justice. Before the poll books were opened some of the partizans of Capt. Leatherwood had taken possession of the court house door, for the purpose of enabling his friends to vote, many of whom had been the day before prevented. Emboldened however, by a few pumpkin pies, which the Squire had caused to be distributed, his

* Formerly, all the county voted at the same place; by a recent law, the counties are divided into "precincts."

party pressed forward, and a skirmish ensued. "Leatherwood!" and "Nutmeg!" resounded from all quarters:—sticks, stones and clubs were thrown with appalling violence, and after a long contested ground-squabble, in which many of the friends of the captain were severely bruised, the pumpkin-pye party found themselves victorious. At 12 o'clock Squire Nutmeg was still in advance. Capt. Leatherwood, who hitherto had felt confident of ultimate success, now resolved upon making a vigorous effort to ensure his election. He accordingly purchased a barrel of whiskey, which he caused to be rolled into the midst of the crowd: upon this he mounted, and after a short harrange, in which there were some pointed allusions to "constitutional scruples," "northern blue-lights" and "Hartford conventions," the head of the whiskey cask was knocked out, and in less than 20 minutes its delicious contents were guzzled down by the thirsty crowd. "Bravo captain—old Kentuck forever and no yankees!" came in thundering shouts to gladden the heart of the speaker, whose numerous partizans now began to press in solid column towards the court-house with irresistible force: a second furious rencontre ensued. "Steam boat" met "steam boat" in fearful array, "half horse half alligator" encountered "all Potowattomie,"—"Mississippi snag" was laid prostrate by a "full grown snapping turtle," "old Kentuck" run foul of "Tecumseh forever," and with "nothing at all in his hand but his fist," opened one of the veins of his olfactories,—and so cantankerous were the assailants, that even the Squire himself, narrowly escaped being *snakepoled*. The captain's party proved victorious, and were left in bloody possession of the door. Votes in his favour were now given in with great dispatch, and it was generally believed that he would yet outstrip his opponent.

The hour for closing the poll-books at length arrived;—they were examined, and the sheriff proclaimed in a loud tone of authority that Jonathan Nutmeg was duly elected by a majority of five votes. Shouts of applause, and loud murmurs of discontent were heard from one end of the village to the other.

The disappointed candidate was in conversation with some of his friends as the Squire, elated with his success, came shuffling along in search of his dun-colored mare. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "management, management, what canst thou not accomplish?"

"D—n you, and your yankee manoeuvring too," vociferated the captain. The Squire surrounded by his partizans, ventured for the first time in his life, an abrupt reply to Leatherwood, who without further ceremony gave him a hearty kick with his muddy foot, which most sadly bespattered the snowy whiteness of his dimity pantaloons.

"Now darn me, if you do that again, if I dont take the law on you," retorted the chivalrous Squire, jumping astride his little filly, and ambling off towards the residence of Mr. Summerfield, (which lies about 3 miles from Washington) accompanied by half a dozen of his eastern friends who had been previously invited to attend the wedding. Capt. Leatherwood, with three of his young associates, left the village shortly afterwards in another direction. The respectable part of this vast assemblage now dispersed in little parties for their respective neighborhoods, while the drunkards, gamblers, whiskey venders, harlequins and negroes, crowded into the market-house, which had been already illuminated, (for it was now dark,) where they kept up their noisy carousals until long after the witching hour of night.

Next morning all was peace and quietness; none but citizens of the village, were to be seen within its limits, save one solitary *New England merchant* whose cart had been upset, the night before, by some mischievous wags. He was busily employed in collecting his scattered tin-kettles and wooden-bowls, and declaiming most pathetically, that if he got safely back to the land of "steady-habits" he "gussed these queer Kentucks would never again catch him on the South side of the Ohio."

But to return to our heroes. Capt. Leatherwood, with his young friends had not rode far, before he began to feel deeply mortified, in consequence of his disappointment at the polls, and the consequent loss of the fair Elizabeth. After a moments reflection, he resolved upon yet attempting to defeat his pumpkin pye opponent, by the use of a little New England artillery, yclept *maneuvering*. He suggested the plan to his companions by whom it was highly relished; their horses were turned to the west, and in a few minutes they were in full pursuit of the wedding party.

About 2 miles from the village, they discovered Squire Nutmeg and his comrades, who had halted at a little rivulet that crossed the road at the foot of a hill. By agreement Capt. Leatherwood and his associates raised what they facetiously termed the *Indian war-hoop*, brandished their clubs and whips among the bushes, and in a few seconds came in contact with the astonished party. The Squire had dismounted, and was earnestly employed in washing from his white dimity pantaloons the marks of the captain's muddy foot, and at the same time descanting to his companions upon the beauty and wealth of the fair lady, to whom dame Fortune, in the plenitude of her favors, was about to unite him.

After a short rencontre the party of Nutmeg was put to flight, leaving their chief without a horse, and under the full belief that he would be *tomahawked* and *scalped* before morning.

The captain instantly seized him, and in spite of the most pathetic moans of supplication, hurried him some distance from the road, and there tied him to a young sapling, with some strips of bark,—jabbering to him continually in an unknown tongue, and occasionally dusting his white dimities, by the application of a little bunch of spice-wood switches.

Capt. Leatherwood and his friends now galloped merrily along to the mansion of Mr. Summerfield, which stands on a gentle eminence near the centre of an extensive farm. The shade trees which surrounded this noble farm-house were ornamented by order of the eccentric bride, with lighted tapers, suspended among the green foliage, which glimmered with a dim light, like the distant stars in the shadeless gray of the firmament. The windows too of the house were brilliantly illuminated, and formed a fine contrast with the pale Goddess of night, as she moved in majesty along the trackless Heaven, shedding a melancholy radiance on the checkered surface of the quiet world. Approaching the door, they were much pleased to learn that merriment ruled the hour: now the soft dying melody of the piano struck upon their ears;—now the silver sound of Beauty's song;—anon the roar of revelry broke upon the "listening silence" of the night. Capt. Leatherwood was ushered amid audible whispers of gratulation into the great hall, where he found the elegant Miss Summerfield surrounded by a gay retinue of blooming attendants. She was beautifully attired in snowy vestments; her head was encircled with a wreath of white roses, from under which her flaxen ringlets curled negligently beneath the gossamer web and graceful folds of a white lace veil. With smiles and blushes she silently welcomed, (as she supposed,) the "candidate elect;"—her eyes sparkled with delight, as the captain led her to the middle of the floor, when the worthy clergyman, who by the by was becoming impatient for a slice of the cold-ham, speedily pronounced them "man and wife." As soon as supper was over, the music struck up "come haste to the wedding;"—the bridegroom and his happy spouse led off the mazy dance and the evening was spent with unbounded merriment and pleasure. The ambitious Mrs. Leatherwood, charmed with the idea of being the wife of a member of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, looked more bewitching, than in the days of her maiden splendor, when surrounded by a long train of lovers, revelling in all "the charming agonies of love."

Early next morning Capt. Leatherwood dispatched two of his friends, with some refreshment for the unfortunate Squire, with orders to set him at liberty. The messengers found the little tree to which he had been tied, but he had made his escape and,

most unfortunately for his constituents, neither he nor his white pantaloons have been seen or heard of since.

P. S. Since the above was written, I have been told that this same Jonathan Nutmeg, Attorney, &c. has recently been seen, dressed in his red waistcoat and white dimity pantaloons, cultivating a little patch of onions in Connecticut, his native state; and that at this distant day, he cannot hear a Kentuckian spoken of, without shrugging up his shoulders and exclaiming, "Good Heavens! keep me from all those *tarnal* Pottowattomies of Kaintuck."

MOUNT MICHAEL.

In our happy day, when "our bruised arms are hung up for monuments; and stern alarms are changed to merry meeting," we can scarcely persuade ourselves of the reality of feudal times and manners. We wish to believe, that the time had never been, when unprotected right had to cower beneath the uplifted hand of unrighteous power; and were it not for the remains of this barbarous age, which still exist in the form of strong-holds, castles, and prisons, we might still be allowed to doubt, when scepticism would be so honorable to human nature.

Mount Michael, which is one of the conspicuous and still existing proofs of this unhappy period, is a fortified rock, situated in the middle of the bay of Avranches; and is only accessible in low water. Nature has completely fortified it, on one side, by its craggy and almost perpendicular descent, which renders it impracticable to mount it by any address or courage, however consummate. The other parts are surrounded by walls, fenced with semilunar towers, after the gothic manner; but sufficiently strong, together with the advantages of its situation to render it impregnable. At the foot of the mountain begins a street, which after winding round its base for a considerable distance, terminates in chambers which were used in the period we speak of, for the safe-keeping of state prisoners. Among these chambers, or rather dungeons, is one more miserable and gloomy than the others, which is still pointed out as the spot, in which many eminent persons suffered, for years, all the evils which power, prompted by cruelty, could devise. In the middle of it is a cage, composed of prodigious bars of wood; and the wicket which gives entrance to it, is of immense thickness. The inside of it comprises about twelve or fourteen feet, and it is nearly twenty feet in height.

It will be remembered by those conversant with French History, that their second Henry, the son and successor of Francis I. was killed at a Tournament by the Count de Montgomeri, at that time thought to be the best knight in France. Conscious of his su-

perior strength and skill, the Count used every means to avoid engaging his royal antagonist: but fate would have it otherwise; and Henry met with the reward of his rashness in death.

This unfortunate event alone, was sufficient to secure to the brave knight, the hatred of the widowed queen; but beside this there was another deep and powerful motive. She was a Huguenot; and that was a never failing claim to the enmity of Catherine de Medicis. Having by singular good fortune escaped the massacre at Paris; he retired into Normandy, where being assisted by Queen Elizabeth, with arms and money: he made head successfully, for some time, against the royal forces. The good fortune however, which had travelled with him so far, now began to desert him; and after several unsuccessful encounters, in which he displayed a boldness and intrepidity, which at this day would be thought to partake as much of rashness, as of courage; he was taken captive and conveyed to Saint Michael; the usual deposit for state prisoners at that time. Here he became the solitary occupant of the miserable cage we have described; and for the space of five years, saw no human face but that of his gaoler who came every day to present him through a hole in the wicket, with his little portion of bread and wine. No instrument was allowed him with which he could have destroyed himself, nor any wherewith to amuse the tedious hours. He at length succeeded in drawing a nail out of the wood of his cage: with which he engraved, or cut on the bars, certain fleurs de lis and armorial bearings; which formed his only employment and recreation.

From this gloomy abode, which from the character of his enemy, and the strength of the place, he had little hopes of leaving with life, it was his fortune, to be soon after released, by the zeal and filial piety of his daughter. Eulalie de Montgomeri possessed all the qualities which constitute feminine loveliness, united with much of her father's courage and firmness. Having learned, after a long time, the place of his confinement; she determined to attempt what few of the most courageous of the other sex would have had hardihood to think of. She resolved at all risks to liberate her parent; strength or power she had not; but she had life, courage, and constancy, and all these she was willing to devote to the cause before her.

The Abbey or church of Saint Michael, was even in the time we speak of an object of some curiosity, as well from the miracle to which tradition had traced its origin, as to the time in which it was founded; being so far back as the reign of Childebert II.

It was therefore not a subject of wonder that many pious and curious persons resort ed thither, with that mixture of piety and

curiosity, which it is feared still actuates many even in this enlightened day and generation. Under cover then of devotion, the fair daughter of Montgomeri visited the Abbey, and having succeeded in gaining the good will of the monk who was deputed to do the honors of the church to strangers, she took courage to confide to him the secret of her father's imprisonment, and entreated his assistance in her attempt to liberate him. But Eulalie forgot that she plead to a rigid Catholic, in whose eyes the fact of being a Huguenot was sufficient to outweigh a host of arguments in his favour. She, however, persisted in her entreaties with all the eloquence of a beautiful and highly endowed woman. But alas, the monk was proof against beauty and eloquence, and it was not until Eulalie had recourse to what she had thought would be her last and desperate resort, that the pious monk began to soften. She offered him as a reward (for she would not mention bribe to him) a diamond cross of great value, together with a head of the pious pope Adrian carved out of chrystral. The good monk could not resist a bribe which came in so holy a shape, and consented to use all the means in his power for the liberation of the heretic prisoner.

Near to the dungeon in which Montgome ri was confined was a remarkable chamber, in one corner of which is a window; between this and the wall of the building is a very deep space of nearly one hundred feet perpendicular, at the bottom of which is another window opening to the sea. It is still called the hole of Montgomeri, and thro' this space, the gallant knight aided by the monk, succeeded in making good his escape. Having been joined by some of his friends who still adhered to his fallen fortunes, he soon after made himself master of the Tombelaine, a fortress very similar to that of Saint Michael, and not more than a league distant from it. Here Montgomeri erected the standard of independence; laid the neighboring country under contribution; coined money, and in all respects, except the name, was sovereign of the land he lived on. His former prison, the strong hold of Mount Michael was the only opposing barrier to his wide spreading ambition, and of this he was almost hopeless of gaining possession by force or courage. Stratagem seemed the only resource, and in this he had soon an opportunity of trying his skill. In one of his excursions he had taken prisoner one of the under officers be longing to St. Michael, and this man he engaged as the price of his life and liberty, to assist him in gaining entrance into the fort. In order to effect this, the prisoner was to return to Mount Michael as though he had escaped from the Tombelaine; and at a certain time appointed he was to give the signal for the enterprise, which was the

display of a handkerchief from the walls. The soldier, as might be expected, repented of his design and proved treacherous. It was however, agreed that the signal should be given, and Montgomeri attended by fifty of his followers, all desperate and capable of any attempt, crossed the sands, entered the lower window of the place called Montgomeri's hole, and having placed scaling ladders, mounted one by one. As they came to the top, they were each in turn despatched without noise, Montgomeri who followed the last, discovered the perfidy and escaped with only two of his followers, with whom he regained the Tombelaine.

Being unable on account of the loss he had sustained, to continue in possession of his castle, he determined once more to try his fortune in Normandy—he had not however, been here long when he was besieged and taken prisoner by the Marechal de Mategnon at Domfront, and Catherine de Medicis whose hatred neither time nor misfortune had abated, ordered him to be immediately executed.

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THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1824.

As the importance of every improvement in steam engines is now duly appreciated, we are induced to publish the two following communications, from Kentucky papers, with a view of assisting our readers in forming their opinions respecting the utility of the improvements of Dr. Buchanan, and enabling practical men to draw such conclusions as may satisfy them respecting the propriety of testing by actual experiment the plans in question.

The completion of Mr. Rutter's rotary engine has been delayed longer than was expected, but it is now in such a state of forwardness that it will be put in operation in the course of a short time. Should this be found to equal the general expectation, no further improvement will be necessary in the application of the power of steam; and if the production of this power can be as much simplified, the advantages to this country will be incalculable.

THE KENTUCKY STEAM ENGINE.

We again call the attention of the public to the subject of the *Capillary Engine*. It is one of great interest to the west. We are assured by practical and scientific men, who have examined the Engine on this principle, now used in working Mr. Jackson's Cotton Factory in Nichelasville, that its success is not even problematical—that it is a tried experiment, which needs only to be seen to be approved of by every competent judge. The particular advantages of this

improvement are referred to in the following communication. We request printers generally to publish it, particularly our friends of the press at Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.—*Ky. Reporter.*

Capillary Steam Engine.

The inventor of this engine has proved it sufficiently by experience, to warrant its success, to the following extent. 1. It will not require more skill, attention and trouble in its management than the common engine. 2. It will be perfectly safe. 3. The generator will weigh from 8 to 16 lbs. to the horse power, and cost \$1 to the lb. A horse power could be produced with 5 or 6 lbs; but with less economy in fuel. 4. The generator, water, and furnace, on the most advantageous plan, will weigh from 30 to 40 lbs. to the horse power. 5. One cord of wood will sustain a 7 horse power for 24 hours.

Steam Boat Company.

The inventor invites the formation of a Steam Boat Company on the following principles. 1. The capital stock to consist of the patent right, and \$—— in money. 2. The patent right to be considered as a tenth part of the capital; and the patentee always to have a tenth part of the clear profits. 3. The company to go into operation, when \$3,000 have been subscribed and paid or a sufficient sum to make a beginning. 4. The capital to be paid in specie, or in boats and engines, approved of by the company, as to quality and price. 5. The amount of property, to be held by the company to be unlimited; and upon dissolution, the excess in value, above the stock, to be divided as other profits. 6. The operation of the company to be confined to the waters of the Mississippi, on which they are to have the exclusive privilege of the Capillary Steam Engine. 7. The stockholders to vote in proportion to their stock; but no individual, directly or indirectly, to vote a majority.

The great power of the Capillary Engine, in proportion to its weight and bulk, will enable the boats of the company to outrun every thing on the river. If its power be only double that of the common engine, it will come up from Orleans in three-fourths of the time required by others; if quadruple, it will come up in half the time. A Capillary Steam Boat will be able, at least to go from Louisville to Orleans and return, every two weeks through the year, accidents and repair excepted; making probably about 20 voyages to Orleans and back in a year.—Its economy in fuel, weight and time would enable the company to take freight at the lowest prices; whilst its celerity and safety would insure a preference both for freight and passage, at the highest rates. The Ohio could be advantageously navigated all the year; and many smaller streams

could be profitably traversed, where steam boats have never yet been taken. With all these advantages, it may reasonably be supposed, that the stock would immediately produce several hundred per cent, per annum clear profit. With a small well built steam boat already in use, it would cost but a few hundred dollars to try the capillary generator; and if all that is here said of it, should not be found correct, the company could stop at once.

Such are the inducements, which the inventor can confidently offer to capitalists, and owners of steam boats. The engines now used in boats could be turned into capillary engines, by changing the boiler for a generator. Persons wishing to embark in the scheme, will please address the inventor at Lexington, mentioning the sums, which they would pay immediately, and what they would advance in the present year. When a sufficient amount is offered, a time and place of meeting to organize the company will be announced.

JOSEPH BUCHANAN.

From the Louisville Public Advertiser.
MR. PENN:—

I have read, with considerable interest, the report of Mr. Buchanan, on the progress of his Capillary Engine. It is impossible not to admire the candor, with which he admits the almost total failure of his plan, or the good sense shewn in the Report, as contrasted with his first most extravagant speculations.

Steam engines are now brought so near to perfection, that but little farther improvement can be expected. To lessen the consumption of fuel, is the greatest desideratum; and to effect this, the minds of men have been on the stretch for fifty years past. As but little has been done in this, since the first invention of Watt, I have been extremely anxious to know the amount of saving effected in the Capillary Engine, from which, so much was expected. In reply to my inquiries, what fuel was actually burnt, I have been told, a handful, or a hatful, or some such indefinite, small quantity, from which, no conclusion could be drawn. I have long been convinced, that the quantity of fuel used, must be in proportion to the force of the engine, whether the steam was used high or low, provided it was well made use of; so that I was very incredulous as to any great saving ever being made. This incredulity has been openly avowed, in the case of Perkins' invention, and, more lately, in that of Dr. Buchanan; and is now confirmed by the report of the latter gentleman. I say "confirmed," because in my opinion, Dr. Buchanan's engine is better than Perkins'; and the failure of it, decides the failure of the other. By failure, I mean failure in saving fuel.

As Dr. Buchanan may not be aware, that

he has failed in this most important point, I shall compare the quantity used by his engine with that used in the engines in the foundry and saw mill in this place. He states his Capillary Engine to burn one cord in thirty-six hours, and do the work of three horses. The little engine in the foundry will run the same time, with the same wood and will do the work of six horses. The engine in the saw mill will run the same time, with five cords of wood, and will do the work of at least twenty-five horses. Dr. Buchanan supposes, that by adding more pipe to his generator, and by raising the steam higher, that, probably, double the work may be done by the same fuel. This is not very probable; but, if it could be realized, it would only bring up the effect of his engine in its most perfect state, to that of two engines already in use, and which are very far from being perfect. In its present state, it only does half as much as they do.

It is stated, that "the lightness and compactness of the generator and engine, are great and obvious advantages." As the engine must be of the same size as other engines using steam of the same pressure, it is evident no saving of weight or room can be made in it. It is only in the generator where the saving can be expected; and it will be worth while to examine what they may amount to.

The generator for a three horse engine, is described as forming a frustum of a cone, thirty inches high, and eighteen inches in diameter, at the bottom. To confine the fuel to this, there is a furnace built round it. On land, this may be of masonry, but on board of a boat, it must be of brick or clay, confined by a casing of sheet iron. Now the casing would necessarily have to be about four feet high and two and a half feet in diameter, and weigh about eight or ten hundred pounds. The generator and water, and other necessary appendages, would make the whole to 1200 pounds, and I doubt if it could be substantially put up at that weight. Now if the weight of the generator increases, in proportion to the force of the engine, as we find that of the boilers to do, an engine of sixty horse power, or one proper for a middle sized boat, would weigh 2400 pounds in the article of generator, which surely would be no great saving over common boilers. There can be no doubt of the safety of a capillary boiler, as regards endangering life; but, for the use of steam boats, or of land carriages, (to which it seems best adapted,) there is an objection, and, I believe, an insurmountable one. It must be evident to every one, that if the engine stops for any cause, so as to remit, for a short time, the supply of water—say but for a minute, or half that time—the pipe will not only be burnt, but melted down into the ash pot, unless the fire is in-

stantaneously removed. Would any passenger go on board if he knew that the failure of the force pump, but for ten seconds, would put a stop to the voyage? And who does not know, that, of all parts of an engine in a boat, the force pump is the most liable to accident? It may be said that a double or treble set of pumps might be put up—and, indeed, with incessant watching, this would go far to obviate the objection. But is it reasonable to expect this watchfulness? No: it is impossible to purchase it.

This kind of engine seems better adapted to land carriage than any I know of—not for lightness, for it has no advantage in that respect; but because it removes a very serious objection to a common boiler: the jolting of the water in it, by motion of the carriage. The objection arising from the smallness of the generator, might be partly removed by making it larger. There is no reason why the pipe in the fire should not be as large as the cylinder, as the force of the steam must be nearly the same in each. If the pipe was three inches, it would hold water enough to allow some little time for repairs before it gives way. To be sure, the name would have to be changed. Indeed, the present name scarcely suits a pipe the size of one's finger.

I feel grateful to Dr. Buchanan, for having so fully tested the boasted invention of Perkins. His candor contrasts, very strongly, with the reserve of the latter gentleman on the subject of his failure. On the subject of flying, I think the doctor has made some mistake in his calculation; and, that it is not so difficult to fly as he supposes. From some rough calculations I made some years ago, I concluded that, to fly, with well constructed wings, would require about the same action from a man, as to run up stairs with about fifty pounds. Sometime afterwards, in the course of my reading, I found the thing had been done, in 1809, by an ingenious watchmaker, of Vienna. There is no doubt but that the exertion must be very great, and could only be continued for a minute or two; yet it could not well exceed half a horse power. Supposing the flyer to be 150 pounds, the power of a horse ought to be able to raise 300 in the air—30 pounds must be much less than the truth. It is not to be believed, that a turkey of 30 pounds, (I have heard of such,) can produce the action of a horse, from his pectoral muscles.

I do not well understand, how the Doctor intended to fly with one wheel, like a windmill. In my speculations on the possibility of flying, I have often thought of two such wheels, going in opposite directions, to counteract each other's tendency to turn the whole apparatus round. I have no doubt but that he had some way to keep his engine and machinery to one point: but he has left this unexplained.

I have no doubt as to the practibility of flying by steam. I feel as sure that I could accomplish this, as I do that I can drive a boat or a mill by steam. I would forever stick to the established plan—wings and a tail.

DAVID PRENTICE.

LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

An Athenæum has been established in New York on a very extensive and liberal plan. All the most valuable Foreign & Domestic periodical journals will be supplied to the reading rooms. A valuable library and philosophical apparatus are to be procured & collections of specimens in Natural History, &c. will be formed. Lectures are to be delivered on all subjects that may be supposed interesting and suitable in such an institution. Among those proposed for the year 1825 are the following:

- The History of Civil law, by H. Wheaton, Esq.
- On Political Economy, by G. C. Verplanck, Esq.
- On Greek Literature, by Professor N. F. Moore.
- On applied Mathematics, by Professor J. Renwick.
- On applied Chemistry, by Professor Mc Nevin.
- On Painting, by Col. Trumbull.

The Rev. C. Summer, Prebendary of Worcester, is engaged in the translation of Milton's Latin work, recently discovered among some state papers, and which will be published as soon as the requisite arrangements are completed.

English Universities.—The term University has acquired a very different application, in this country, from what it bears in England. It is there used to denote an assemblage of Colleges, having distinct professors, libraries, students, &c.—while at the same time, certain privileges such as the University Library, the Botanic Garden and the like, are common to all. The different Colleges, though acting independently of each other, are in some sense, amenable to a common jurisdiction. The case may perhaps be fitly presented by the relation that exists between our general and state governments. In this way, the disadvantages which would otherwise arise from the congregation of such a multitude of students, are principally obviated.

The University of Cambridge was founded in the year 630, by Sigeberht, King of the East Angles; but the Colleges were not begun to be built or endowed, till the reign of Edward I. The number of persons maintained on the different foundations, is

upwards of 1000; among which are various professors, about 400 fellows, and 700 students. Nearly all the students are admitted members of their different Colleges, either as pensioners or sizars. The former are generally men of rank and affluence, and live entirely at their own expense. The latter are aided by the avails of exhibitions and other benefactions. The scholars are selected from both these orders; the fellows from the Bachelors or Masters of Arts who have been scholars.

The University contains at present thirteen Colleges and four Halls, all of which were founded by the benevolence of one or two individuals; except Corpus Christi College, which owes its origin to the munificence of two guilds or societies, respectively entitled the guilds of the body of Christ and of the blessed Virgin Mary.

The Oxford University, which is still more extensive, contains no less than twenty Colleges and five Halls.

The library belonging to this ancient and venerable University, is said to contain a larger collection of books and manuscripts than any other library in Europe except the Vatican. Connected with the University is a Printing-house, a *Theatre!* an Astronomical Observatory, a Museum, and a Physic Garden. On the whole, there is probably no literary establishment in the world, which can claim equality with this, and very few that will bear a comparison with it.

Bost. Telegraph.

Flies.—Half an ounce of wood of quassia, boiled slowly in about a pint of water till reduced one half, and then a small quantity of sugar added, will destroy flies; and is perfectly harmless when taken inadvertently by children.

To preserve Milk.—Put in a pan of milk a spoonful of wild horse-radish, and it will remain sweet for several days, either in the open air or in a cellar, while other milk will change.

Summary.

Pennsylvania.—On the 5th inst, 22 miles of the Schuylkill Canal, between Pottsgrove and Reading, was opened for navigation, and the Canal named *Girard's Canal*, in the presence of a large number of persons. An address was delivered on the occasion. Three boats, crowded with passengers, started for Pottsgrove amid the loud huzzas of the spectators.

Indians in Florida.—A letter to the Editor of the National Intelligencer, from a gentleman in Gadsen county, Florida, dated June 16, says: "Notwithstanding the many reports about the satisfaction of our

Indians, I can assure you that the Indians between Tallahassee and the Appalachicola rivers, are by no means satisfied with the late Treaty. They assert they knew not what the Treaty was, in reality, till lately—the chiefs excepted, who have reserves of land—and I am convinced they will not leave this part of the country cheerfully. A military force will have to see them off."

The bids for the last (N. Y.) canal loan of 460,000 dollars were at an average of about 10 per cent premium for five per cent stocks.

Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.—The Board of Engineers, appointed by the General Government, are employed in the examination of the country between the Potomac and Youghiogeny rivers. Three different parties have been dispatched to survey sections of the route for the contemplated Canal.—The cursory observation of the Savage and Youghiogeny has shown them to be excessively rocky and rough, but still offering no insuperable difficulties. In many places the banks are so precipitous, that the canal must be made in what is now the channel of the river, and be supported on the lower side by great walls. If the Youghiogeny cannot be commanded on the summit, it will then remain to ascertain if Deep Creek alone will afford a sufficient supply of water.

It is proposed to construct a canal for ships of 200 tons from Bristol (Eng.) to the British Channel.

The differences which have arisen between the United States and Russia, relative to the North West coast are said to have been settled by the Commissioners appointed for that purpose.

A subscription for the Greeks has been opened at Calcutta: 18,764 sicca Rupees had been subscribed on the 8th January last.

The British Parliament re-assembled on the 10th June last.

France.—The population of France is now accurately fixed, by Mr. Coquebert Montbert, at 30,616,000 souls.

A change has taken place in the French ministry, Chateaubriand having been dismissed. There seems however, to be no hope that either of the parties in France will be favourable to the cause of freedom in Europe.

In Spain the state of affairs appear to be most deplorable, so small a portion of the talents of the nation is employed in public stations, that the government seems likely to fall in pieces, merely for want of energy and understanding in the rulers.

NEW YORK, July 24.

Thunder Gust.—Yesterday afternoon, this city was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder storms we have ever witnessed. The cloud rose from the northwest, and was slow in its progress. It commenced raining about one o'clock, and by two, it poured in torrents, intermingled with a violent storm of hail, and accompanied by a heavy wind. It was a sublime and awful moment. The flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid, and the peals of thunder tremendous. Every person must have been struck with the grandeur of the scene. The city trembled to its foundation, as the bolts fell thick among its spires and turrets.—To increase the terror of the moment, the lightning struck, and set on fire the stores of Messrs. Goodhue & Co. and Messrs. Hoyt and Tom, in South-street. The bells rung, and the fire engines rattled along the streets amidst the severest part of the storm. No material damage was done. The lightning struck the chimney, one side of which it broke down, thence descended to the roof, where it tore off the slates, and took a course to the interior of the store. In the upper lofts was a quantity of Manilla hemp, which was set on fire, but the flames were immediately discovered and extinguished.—We understand, that a lad in the store had the presence of mind to seize the first bundle of hemp kindled by the flash, and to throw it down the scuttle, by which the progress of the flames was prevented. Several persons in the neighbourhood were stunned by the shock, and a young man in a store in the rear on Front-street, was knocked down. Two cart-horses, standing in front of the store, were also knocked down. The direction of the lightning from the lofts, could not be traced.

About 10 feet of the roof of one of the stores was consumed. The lightning also struck the house of Mr. Janeway, in Chat-ham street, and several other buildings in the city. Part of the railing and frame work on the rampart of Castle Garden was carried away by the wind; and several of the awnings in front of the stores in Broad-way were slit into tatters by the hail, the shoo keepers having neglected to furl their canvass, like the prudent mariner, at the approach of the storm. We have not learned that any injury was done to the shipping in the harbour.

The rain continued to a late hour last evening, and an immense volume fell during the day. A gentleman informed us, that at the foot of Maidenlane the water descended in torrents sufficient to carry a boat, and the street might have been navigated. Many cellars were flooded, and much damage done to goods. In all the low parts of the city, the cellars were filled.

Statesman.

CINCINNATI FEMALE ACADEMY.
The following omission occurred last week in the list of the young ladies to whom silver medals were awarded,
Miss JULIA BURNET, for excellence in Arithmetic.

POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.
STANZAS.

Now swell the strain along,
Now strike the notes on high,
To the brave, who live in song,
To the brave, who never die.
Ye spirits of the brave,
Whose martyr'd bodies sleep
Beneath the boisterous wave;
Encircled by the deep.

And ye who nobly fell
Upon the bloody heath,
Where cannons rung the knell
Of your departing breath:
To you the fame be given,
Your brows the laurels wear,
From glory's grave be driven
Dark, torturing, deep despair.

Your dying beds be laid
Amid the battle's strife,
Your grave by soldiers made,
Your death, eternal life.
And ye, who live to claim
The wreath which valor won;
Aloud the trump of fame
Shall laud each gallant son.

And Neptune's sons, who scour
The Ocean's boist'rous wave,
Who rise in vic'try's hour,
Or sink in vict'ry's grave:
To you we raise the strain,
Who humbled Britain's pride,
Whilst bounding on the main
In battle, side by side.

To you Columbia owes
Her warmest, truest praise;
Your dearest life blood flows
To gain her choicest bays.
'Twas yours to teach the world,
By Britons not alone
Were floating thundershurl'd,
Nor Neptune's seas her own.

'Twas you, her trophies gained,
And placed them as your own:
By arms the prize maintained
Which arms and valor won.
The sea, our gallant tars
Owns masters of its flood,
On land, Columbia's stars
Are bath'd in Britons' blood.

Those guard our rights by sea,
And these on land our posts,
Columbia must be free
While sons like these she boasts:
No monarch durst invade
Those rights which freemen claim,
Such souls were never made
To wear a tyrant's chain.

Franklin, Ohio, 1823.

SELECTED.

From the New York Evening Post.

WOMAN.

BY J. R. SUTERMEISTER.

When in young Eder's bower,
Man breathed the vernal air,
Soft fragrance blessed each flower,
Which bloomed in beauty there.
The green earth smiled in gladness,
While danced the sun on high;
And ne'er a cloud of sadness
Obscured the beauteous sky!

The streamlet sparkled brightly
The smiling mead along;
The birds of air woke lightly,
Their sweet and varied song.
The zephyr kissed each blossom,
Which graced the verdant grove;
And o'er soft nature's bosom
Bright heaven smiled in love!

Man, man was joyless only,
Where all in joy was dressed;
His soul was dark and lonely,
Though earth and heav'n were blessed:
Then Woman rose in beauty,
Her blessings to impart;
To cheer his path of duty,
And share with him his heart!

She came in youthful gladness,
Fresh as the almond bough,
To chase the cloud of sadness,
Which veiled his noble brow.
She was the angel given,
To guide man's erring way;
To lead his foot to heaven,
By love's delightful sway!

Hail gentle woman's power!
It is her vestal smile,
Which glads the social hour—
Which doth the heart beguile.
Without her smile to lighten,
Life were a wilderness,
Without one ray to brighten—
Without one beam to bless!

ADDRESS TO RUM.

Great spirit, hail!—confusion's angry sire,
And like thy parent Bacchus, born in fire;
The jail's decoy; the greedy merchant's lure;
Disease of money, but reflection's cure.

We owe, great dram! the trembling hand to
thee,
The headstrong purpose, and the feeble knee;
The loss of honour, and the cause of wrong,
The brain enchanted, and the fault'ring tongue;
Whilst fancy flies before thee unconfin'd,
Thou leav'st disabled prudence far behind.
In thy pursuit, our fields are left forlorn,
Whilst giant weeds oppress the pigmy corn.
Thou throw'st a mist before the planter's eyes;
Rust eats the idle plough; the harvest dies.

By thee inspir'd, no pinching frosts we fear;
'Tis ever warm and calm, when thou art near:
On the bare earth, for thee, expos'd we lie,
And brave the rigors of th' inclement sky.
Like those who did in ancient times repent,
We sit in ashes, and our clothes are rent.

MADRIGAL.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

Why art thou clothed in sad array
For him whose days are done,
Yet dost no sign of grief display
For those thy lightning glances slay!
Though he thou mournest be but one,
More than a thousand they!

Thou bendest on the lover's prayer
The tearless eye of scorn,
And while thou dost with barbarous care
The illusive guise of feeling wear,
Though pity's garb thy breast adorn,
She never enters there!

From Sir Wm. Jones' Poems.

" What constitutes a state?—
" Not high-rais'd battlement, or labour'd mound,
" Thick wall or moated gate:
" Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd:
" Not bays, and broad-arm'd ports,
" Where, laughing at the storm rich navies ride:
" Not starr'd and spangled courts,
" Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to
pride;
" No :—men—highminded men,
" With pow'r as far above dull beasts endu'd,
" In forest, brake, or den,
" As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;—
" Men who their duties know,
" But know their rights, and knowing, dare main-
tain;
" Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
" And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
" These constitute a state;
" And sov'reign law, that state's collected will,
" O'er thrones and kings elate,
" Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."—

[Smit by her sacred frown,
Fell despotism resigned his iron rod:
And Britain's once bright crown
Hides his faint rays, and trembles at her nod.
Such is Columbia's land,
Fairer than e'en Britannia's boasted shore!
Here freedom takes her stand,
And bids Americans beslaves no more!]

" Since all must life resign,
" Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave,
" 'Tis folly to decline,
" And steal inglorious to the silent grave."

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